CAMORRA OF NAPLES HIT HARD

WAR ON THE MOST POWERFUL OF CRIMINAL LEAGUES.

It Is Seven Centuries Old and Has Ramifications All Over the World—All Kinds of Crime, From Murder to Blackmail, Committed by Its Members—Men in High Places Its Protectors—The Work of Ten Honest Men May Overthrow It—Laws and Secret Tribunals of the Society.

ROME, July 1.—A double murder was committed near Naples a little more than a year ago. A man named Cuocolo was enticed to Torre del Greco and there stabbed to death. His body was found on the beach the next morning covered with the characteristic stabs or gashes of the Camorra executions.

On the same day Cuocolo's wife was found dead, stabbed in the same way as her husband, in her house at Naples. It was ascertained that the two murders took place simultaneously, and as both husband and wife met their death in the same manner and as their money and jewelry were left untouched as a sign that theft was not the motive of the crime, the conclusion was drawn that the crime was an execution of the Camorra.

Neapolitans, young and old, hurried to the lottery shops where they asked for the numbers corresponding to the words husband, wife, murder, vendetta and Camorra, and they staked all the money they could afford on these five numbers for the next drawing of the *lotto*. The Cuocolo murder was, after all, nothing but an ordinary *fatto di sangue*, an event of blood, quite a common occurrence.

Fatto di sangue is a most comprehensive expression, not only in the Neapolitan dialect but also in the Italian language. It means anything from a trifling knife stab to a murder, provided the injury has been caused by violence.

If a crowd gathers in the streets around a fallen cab horse or a stabbed man, and a curious person on its outskirts asks another what is the matter, the reply is given with equal indifference in both cases. You are told that a horse has slipped or that it is only a *fatto di sangue*, but you cannot guess as much from the largeness or smallness of the crowd.

Fatti di sangue are common in Italy, and especially so at Naples. Whether they are due to the Camorra or not does not make the least difference, save as regards the choice of the numbers for the *lotto*. Consequently the local papers described the double murder and ended their accounts with the usual formula that the police were investigating the case. Nobody doubted that the case would in a few days be entirely forgotten.

In fact, after a while the police dropped it altogether. Some arrests were made, it is true. A party of young men and some women of bad repute happened to go to Torre del Greco for a picnic on the day of the murder. By a mere coincidence, according to the police theory, they happened to be all more or less intimately connected with the Camorra.

They were therefore arrested, probably owing to a mistake of an overzealous and new police official, but they all proved an alibi and the investigating Judge released them, as he was expected to do. The case of the Cuocolo double murder was then entirely dropped.

The organization of the police system in Italy is very complicated. The entire police force is divided into three separate bodies, each independent of the others, and under different chiefs.

The civil police are known as the public security police and are under the direct orders of the Home Office, or Ministry of the Interior, which is represented in large cities by a chief of police known as the Questor. The duty of the public security police is the prevention and detection of crime.

In this they are helped by the carabineers, or gendarmes, who are practically a special body of men belonging to the regular army and therefore soldiers, not policemen. They are well trained and courageous. The anomaly about them is that inasmuch as they are soldiers they are under the orders of the military commander in chief, but at the same time they too depend on the Ministry of the Interior and therefore on its representative, the Questor.

They are supposed to act with the civil police, but being highly efficient they often act independently and are often successful where the police fail.

Besides the civil police and the carabinieri each city has its own special policemen, or municipal guards under the orders of the Mayor. The direct consequence of so complicated a police system is jealousy among the three different bodies. The civil policemen are always striving to get ahead of the carabinieri, while the municipal guards manage to get in the way of both policemen and carabinieri and instead of helping or cooperating, generally succeed in hampering their work.

In practice the carabinieri are the only efficient policemen in Italy and, as a consequence, to them falls all the heavy work. They are detailed to capture brigands or runaway convicts in Calabria, Sicily and Sardinia. Recently a non-commissioned officer of carabineers was decorated personally by the King with the gold medal of valor for having captured during his twenty years of service in Sardinia more than thirty brigands, mostly single handed.

This man had four horses shot under him. He was wounded seriously on several occasions, he saved the life of two of his officers at the risk of his own, and his body was covered with scars from stabs. His pay is less than a dollar a day.

The carabineers quell revolts, disperse crowds of strikers, arrest anarchists, guard the railway lines when the King travels, follow his carriage on bicycles when he drives, and patrol the country roads on horseback and the city streets on foot night and day. One sees them helping firemen in putting out fires, rescuing a person from drowning and showing the way to lost tourists. The carabineers are among the best soldiers and policemen but the worst paid and most modest men in the world.

When the Naples civil police dropped the Cuocolo murder case the Ministry of the Interior decided that an effort should be made to capture the criminals and detailed a party of carabineers under a captain to take up the investigation where the police had left it off. The Questor of Naples was dismissed, several police officials were removed from Naples and a Judge who ordered the release of several persons suspected of having assisted in the murder of Cuocolo and his wife was pensioned.

The ground thus being cleared the carabinieri began their work, not where the police left it off, however, but at the very beginning. The work allotted to these ten men turned out to be difficult, dangerous and unusual in the annals of police history. It is still going on.

The prisons of Naples are crowded with criminals charged with complicity in the murder of Cuocolo and his wife and with other crimes, innumerable and unmentionable, that have been committed in Naples in the last fifty years. Ten modest soldier policemen have waged war against the most powerful and best organized criminal association in the world, a society more than seven centuries old, whose headquarters have always been in Naples, but whose ramifications have invaded the entire world.

If the Camorra is doomed to disappear, it will die a hard death and not without a great struggle. In fact, although the chiefs of the Camorra have practically all been arrested, the criminal organization exists still, as was shown the other day during the tramway strike in Naples when the whole garrison had to be called out in order to quell a street riot which, owing to the active participation of the leaderless Camorristi, almost developed into a revolution.

The origin of the Camorra is said to be Spanish, and the camorristi of to-day are supposed to be the descendants of a special class of Spanish brigands known as gamurri, from gamurra, a short coat or pea jacket which they wore. These gamurri were ordinary highway robbers, but they were banded together under a sort of military rule, they had special laws and customs, and, like their Neapolitan descendants, very often they were in league with the police.

Living in an age of chivalry, the Spanish bandits were occasionally just and generous, two attributes which entirely disappeared when the association developed in Italy under the Spanish domination. In fact, a Spanish historian of the gamurri, writing about the Italian or rather Neapolitan ramification, remarks that the institution degenerated in a revolting manner.

The Camorra in Naples retained only the complicated organization, the disciplined and formal rule and the secrecy of its Spanish prototype, but in all other respects it changed altogether and became nothing else than a gang of thieves, hardened in all sorts of crime, brutal and corrupt. The Camorra or Honorable Society—such is its official name—was tolerated by the Bourbons and helped the police in times of revolution. Hence it attained such an ascendency and developed to such an extent that to-day it is considered one of the national institutions of Naples and southern Italy.

The Camorra has been defined as the parasite of the social organization of Naples, which owing to the great excess of population as compared with the available means of subsistence is in a permanent state of demoralization. The Camorra is divided into two classes, known as the *alta*, or high, and *bassa*, or low, Camorra. To the former belong the high chief of the Honorable Society, known as *capintesta*, or head chief, the twelve chiefs who preside over the twelve districts of Naples, known as *capintriti*, and the *camorristi*, or full members of the association.

To the latter belong the *giorinotti onorati*, or honored lads, the recruits, and the *picciuotti*, as the giovinotti are called after being initiated. The giovinotti are generally boys, beggars and pickpockets, who aspire to belong to the society.

The first step in this direction is a sort of examination held by one of the district chiefs. If the candidate is found to promise well he is admitted on trial and an almost imperceptible line is tattooed on a visible part of his body to denote his rank.

The giovinotto is then expected to give a proof of his courage by performing what is known among the society as a *bravura*, or act of honor. This generally consists in stabbing a policeman or carabiniere or executing some slight act of revenge or vendettalike slashing the face of an enemy with a razor. After this he becomes a picciuotto and over the line a dot is tattooed.

The giovinotti and picciuotti are the rank and file of the Camorra, and naturally are very numerous. They do all the dirty work and most of the stabbing falls to their share.

Very often they are arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment or a fine. The latter is paid by the Camorra, and in the former case they are kept at the expense of the society, and no sooner do they come out of prison than they are promoted to camorristi.

The Camorra keeps watch on all the crimes that are committed at Naples; of every theft that is committed part of the spoil, a regular percentage fixed by a tariff, goes to the Camorra. A tax is levied on every house of bad repute, every wine shop, every person who lends money at usury, whether he belongs to the society or not.

All the cabs that come into Naples from the neighboring villages pay a soldo (a cent) to the Camorra. Every farmer who brings his produce to market has to pay the Camorra. No farmer refuses to pay; if one does, either one of his horses is killed or he himself suffers some damage.

If complaint is made to the police by victims of the Camorra for the first offence they suffer a *sfregio*, a disfigurement, generally on the face, by means of a slash with a razor, and a second denunciation may lead to their death.

When a picciuotto has served a certain term as such and worked well he is admitted to the high class of the Camorra. But first he has to pass an examination which is held by the district chief and several camorristi, one of whom acts in the capacity of sponsor or *compare* of the picciuotto.

Several questions are put to the candidate, which have to be answered to the full satisfaction of the examining board. When this interrogatory is over the chief asks:

"What do you seek now?" to which the candidate has to reply:

"My companions."

"Who are your companions?"

"The camorristi."

"What does camorrista mean?"

"A man of courage who commands the low society and stands with one foot on the ground and the other in the grave."

The picciuotto then takes his oath of secrecy and in fifteen days time, during which he has to show his courage—*bravura*—either in a dual or in performing more stabbing, he is definitely admitted in the ranks of the camorristi. He is kissed and embraced by all his comrades and a great dinner in given in his honor, another dot is added to the line tattooed on his body and he is allowed to marry if he chooses. Giovinotti and picciuotti have not this privilege.

The district chiefs are elected for life from among the camorristi and the head chief from among the twelve district chiefs. All the camorristi are electors.

The Camorra has its own special tribunals and its special laws. The first axiom of the Camorra courts is the following: "Sentences are just because the Camorra does not judge with the pen, but with the heart and mind."

Among the punishments decreed by these tribunals are the following: Suspension, permanent or temporary, from enjoying the profits of Camorra operations or work; expulsion, permanent or temporary, from the Honorable Society; *sfregio*, or permanent visible disfigurement by means of a broken glass or a razor.

Capital punishments or rather murders are executed by means of *taglienti* (cutters) or knives, and the mode of killing differs according to the gravity of the crime committed. The worst is by stabbing in the stomach which prolongs death. Next comes stabbing in the chest or heart, and finally stabbing in the head.

The secret tribunal of the Camorra sits generally in a cellar, and if the crime under consideration is a capital one it is composed of the head and the twelve district chiefs. No defence is admitted, but a camorrista acts as prosecuting counsel.

The members of the court come fully armed, but their first act on entering is to hand over their weapons to the chief, who ties them up in a handkerchief and delivers them to a camorrista who remains at the door.

The presence of the accused is not necessary. When death is decreed four picciuotti are called in and charged with the execution of the sentence, generally within twenty-four hours. The punishment for denunciations to the police is always death, as in the case of Cuocolo.

As evidence that the sentence has been carried out the executioners generally take some object belonging to the accused and give it to the chief, who displays it in such a manner that all the camorristi can see it. In the case of Cuocolo, Erricone, the head chief, wore the dead man's ring for an entire month after the murder.

The Camorristi have a slang of their own which is characterized by the fact that it is only used in poetry. Thus, for example, a camorrista, very often disguised as a lazzarone or tramp, sits in the sun and sings about a huntsman who went out shooting birds and tried to hit them under their wings. People stop and listen; if there happen to be camorristi among them these understand that the huntsman is a judge and that he is attempting to get some information out of members of the society.

Camorristi communicate with their companions in prison by means of these songs; they warn each other of the approach of the police and they arrange robberies and murders in broad daylight and in the most frequented places.

The camorristi are very superstitious. For instance, they firmly believe that the murderer who swallows a drop of blood of his victim is never arrested by the police. In case they have to rob a church or a shrine, before doing so they kneel down and say some prayers, followed by a formula to the effect that the robbery is not an insult to God, but to get a living.

Camorristi often make vows to saints, and in case their undertaking succeeds they wear for a month the special colors of the saint, green for St. Anne, black for the Mother of Sorrows, and so on. A favorite vow of the camorristi is to marry a woman of bad repute in order to prevent her from leading a life of sin.

The general impression throughout Italy is that the Camorra is in league with the police. It is said that all the men who represent Naples in Parliament owe their elections to the Camorra. Even the municipal elections are influenced by the Camorra, and hence it follows that the Honorable Society has protectors in high places.

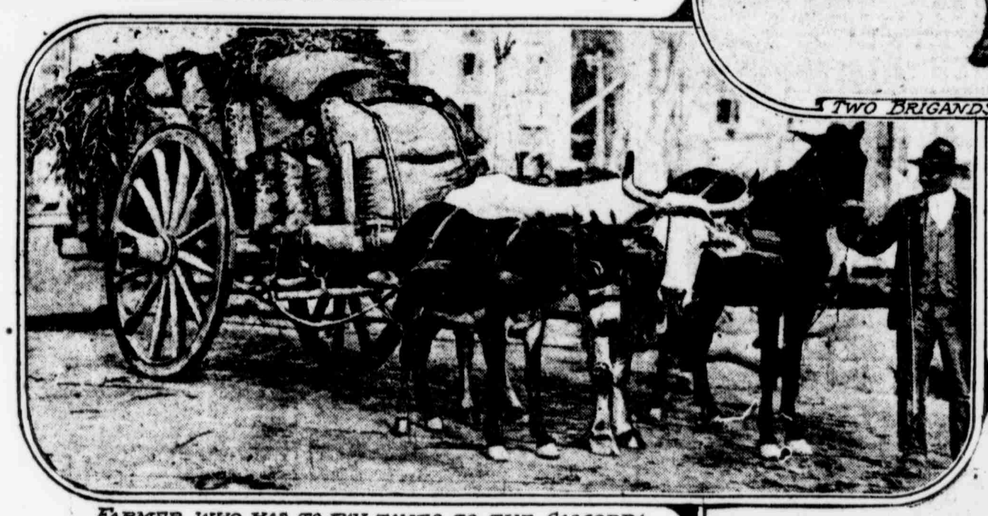
The Neapolitan Deputies have certainly never made any effort against the Camorra in Parliament nor have they denied the revelations made by local newspapers alleging their complicity with the Honorable Society. A Deputy from the north of Italy, Signor Giacomo Ferri, during a recent debate in the House, provoked by a question he asked as to whether the police were so much in league with the Camorra as to hamper the work of the carabinieri, furnished the following information about this criminal organization whose existence had been denied by some Neapolitan Deputies. It is a well known fact, he said, that the authors of the Cuocolo murder were not arrested owing to the connivance of the police.

Since the carabinieri have taken the matter in hand many things have come to light. A priest, Don Ciro Vitozzi, has been arrested, and it has been ascertained that he was the chaplain of the Camorra. He persuaded the investigating Judge to set free the persons first arrested for the Cuocolo murder, and it has been proved that this man, who is indicted for nineteen crimes, murders, immoral trafficking, spoliation of graves, &c., was a friend of Judges and high police officials.

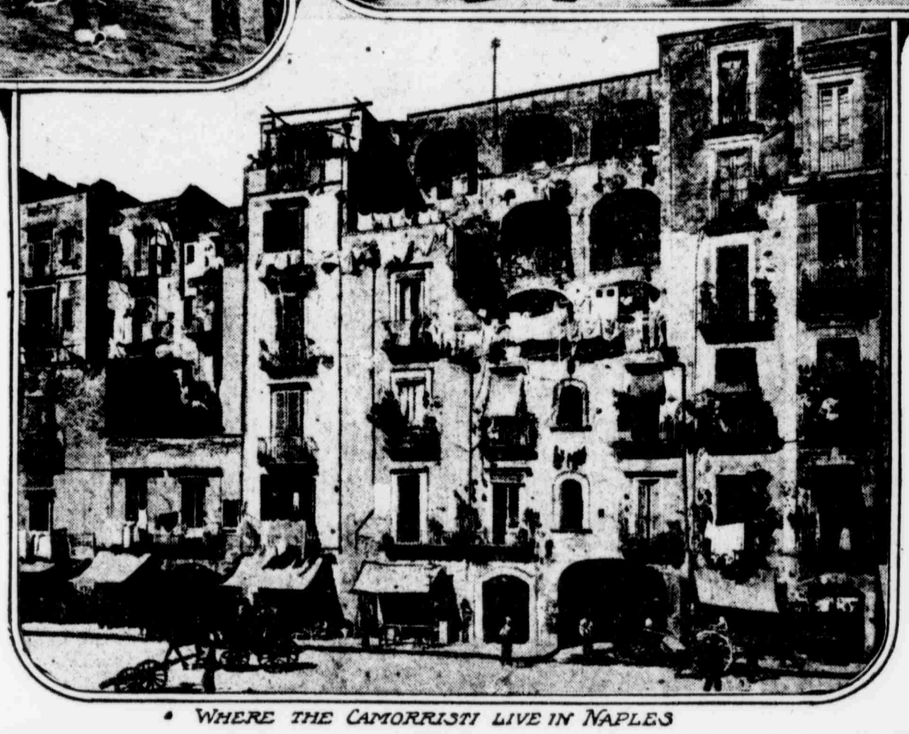
Bills of exchange drawn in favor of Judges and police commissioners have been found in possession of Don Ciro Vitozzi, Erricone and other camorristi. Signor Ferri, therefore, concluded by saying that there is not the least shadow of doubt that the police and Camorra were in league and he expressed his firm conviction that where it not for the personal intervention of the King no effort would have been ever made to combat the Camorra.

TWO BRIGANDS UNDER ARREST

HONORED LADS (YOUNG MEMBERS OF CAMORRA)



FARMER WHO HAS TO PAY TAXES TO THE CAMORRA



WHERE THE CAMORRISTI LIVE IN NAPLES

NEAPOLITAN TYPES

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN CEBU

LIFE IN THE SECOND CITY OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Ways of the Native Filipinos—Feats of the Women in Carrying Burdens on Their Heads—The Little Horses and Variety of Vehicles—Women's Dress a Riot of Color.

CEBU, P. I., June 1.—The city of Cebu, capital of the island and province of Cebu, in the Philippines, is looking up. Among other improvements it has a new up to date store at the corner of the Plaza de Washington and Calle de Magellanes, where magazines, papers, cigars, soda water, &c., may be bought.

It's an odd antithesis, though, to see this modern store, having even a cement block sidewalk in front, and then to look across the way at the old convent and church of the Recolletos set in a big garden with fire trees, banana trees and other tropical vegetation.

Cebu is next in size and commercial importance to Manila, and has a fine and safe harbor, which is being further improved by a new sea wall of cement.

Down by the docks is a curious old fort, San Pedro, No. 23, built of blocks of coral and partly covered with creeping vines. It has an imposing sallyport on the land side, with the arms of Spain sculptured above it. On entering you see the old arm racks for long muzzle loaders.

A broad ramp leads to the top of the wall, from which one gets a fine view of the harbor and surroundings. The old cannon have been removed from the ramparts and now stand on the ground on either side of the sallyport, muzzles up, about as useful as toy cannon.

A second story of wood has been added and the whole place now serves as a commissary and quartermaster storehouse for the troops serving at this station. The troops themselves are uptown at Warwick barracks, the old Cuartel de España on the Plaza de Washington.

The ground floor of the cuartel is used for the various offices of administration, post exchange, reading room, while the upper story is used for barracks for the enlisted men and quarters for the bachelor officers. The place is inadequate and unsuitable, but a new post is soon to be built at the north of the town, off the Mabolo road. The married officers have quarters on the plaza in old Spanish houses hired for that purpose by the Government, so that they may be near the troops.

The business enterprise of the place is shown by the blocks of new buildings that have been put up to replace those burned by a big fire of two years ago. It is odd to our American eyes to see structures with never a nail or bolt where a strip of bamboo or rattan will do; and odd, too, to see native workmen patiently using a rip saw to cut out heavy flooring.

The sawing is done with accuracy but not despatch. Native labor is far cheaper than a sawmill would be, and the laborer is here and the sawmill is not.

Cebu is considered a very hot place and it lives up to its reputation fairly well; but the monsoons give a steady breeze, except during the period of shifting from the northeast to the southwest. The markets are good, the place is healthful and we are sure of at least one, oftentimes two, weekly mails from Manila, and to us exiles these items mean a good deal.

The shopping is good and steadily growing better, as the merchants are trying to keep a supply for the new and varied demands, and what Cebu lacks Manila can generally supply.

The Chinese, or as they are called here, Chinos, are much in evidence, and in their little tiendas have almost as great a variety as the New England country stores. In Manila I saw in a tienda a small heap of paving stones, second hand, for sale! There are good grocery stores, American, Spanish and Chino; in the last the real chaffering of the Orient has to be done or else you pay an absurd asking price.

The Hongkong Chino is everywhere in evidence, of distinctive physique and of general usefulness. He does excellent tailoring, is a fair cook and shopkeeper, is even tempered and smiling, and understands more English than most people suppose. He is as stolid as our Indians and as a rule honest.

Here most people get along in conversation with the native in what one might call pidgin Spanish. Visayan is the native language, but the Spanish imprint is deep and a mixture of English, Spanish and Visayan is what one hears, to the utter despair of good Spanish scholars.

A story is told of a Spanish merchant who on returning to Spain after an absence of some years in the islands found it hard to understand or be understood, so he went rigorously back to his Castilian, refusing to speak any other. Now he can hardly be understood outside of the few Spaniards here and is often compelled to write out his prices for those who are confined to the ordinary dialect.

There are many quaint bits of architecture in Cebu, particularly in the old part of the city near the waterfront and cathedral, where the church holds large properties. The oldest street is said to be the east end of the Calle de Colon, where not only are the roofs of the quaint little houses tiled but there is a tiled arcade in front of them.

The streets are unpaved and very dusty, for the bull carts with their heavy loads drawn by the unwieldy carabao make holes that are hardly seen and not taken into account till you strike one, when the effect is that of the chuck hole of the West, or the thank you marm of the East. The sidewalks are rudimentary and at an angle that makes walking in American shoes rather difficult to practise. Some of the new sidewalks in the burned district are of cement and consequently far more comfortable.

The old Spanish houses have usually a ground story of coral blocks, which is used for stables, servants' quarters, &c., while the upper story, built of wood, is used as the living part of the house, and contains always a large sala or reception room with other smaller ones. There are no glazed windows, but to take their place are sliding shutters set with tiny two inch squares of shell which allow a pale yellow light to filter through.

There are besides these either sliding blinds or heavy shutters of wood. These all slide in grooves, so that practically two-thirds of the side of a room may be opened to let in the breeze.

The roofs were originally of red tiles that time and age have softened to artistic tints blending with ferns and lichens growing in the crevices. But the fighting of the insurgents injured many of these, so that they have been replaced by galvanized roofing which is not nearly so cool or pleasant to the eye.

Some of the modern houses have underpinnings of wood or bamboo. A few houses are made entirely of bamboo, giving a pretty and airy effect susceptible of much ornamentation.

The ordinary dwelling of the native is a nipa shack on bamboo posts, having underneath the pony or carabao with any vehicle that the owner has, together with pigs, chickens, ducks, children, all living in more or less harmony. Over the window spaces is usually a species of rude awning made of nipa thatch or woven bamboo, called a *media agua*, which sheds rain admirably.

Sanitation is mostly lacking and is a grave problem that confronts the future health and prosperity of any growing place; but the unlimited sun and air are great helps. An electric lighting plant has been installed and goes far to mitigate the discomfort of a warm evening with a hot lamp, but it has not yet become general.

Sitting at the window opening on the plaza is as good as a play. All day long and far into the night passes the procession of life. The natives in their gay costumes take the diagonal of the plaza, going to market with produce or returning with what they have bought.

A few cents will buy a good meal for a Filipino. His tastes are simple—a little bit of fish or meat, a good deal of rice and very small amount of vegetables will make a spread; he is also fond of sugar cane and native sugar, which is sold in little cakes like maple sugar.

It is a sight to see the women walking along having on their heads round, flat trays of basket work loaded with terra cotta pots, very much like the bean pots of Yankeeland, and I have used them for the same purpose. They will carry sometimes three dozen pots on the tray and walk along with an ease and careless grace that makes me envy them their carriage.

Another woman will have on a smaller tray quantities of bananas, some red, some yellow, some green, assorted in size and of various flavors. Another will come along with pineapples, or mangoes, or eggplants, or onions, etc., all carried as easily on the head as I would carry a box of candy in my hand. You should see a Filipino woman go up and down the steep stairs of our house with anywhere from twelve to eighteen dozen eggs in a tray on her head!

The chickens, if they are more than two or three in number, are carried in two open-work covered baskets at the ends of a long pole carried on the shoulders. This is quite comfortable for the chickens and they poke their heads out and give cheerful little crows to keep up their courage. They are, as a rule, very thin and small, and are said to have been bred from wild jungle fowl not so many generations ago as to have made them lose their type.

The pigs are taken to market in many uncomfortable ways. Six or eight will be tied on a carabao cart. They lie there helpless but not noiseless. Others are driven, others are led, usually having a cord through the nose, sometimes around a leg. Some have their feet tied together and are slung over a pole, head down, while little ones are carried on the shoulder like a fur boa—rather a warm method when, as it is now, the mercury is 89 degrees in the shade, while the pig and his wearer are out in the sun.

The natives, both boys and girls, are trained when very young to carry burdens on their heads. I have seen little folks of 3 or 4 learning with a small empty tray. It gives a fine poise of head and a straight back. It is amusing to see a native go along with an empty quart bottle on her head. You try it and see what happens.

Here is a Filipina walking along with her baby astride her left hip, her skirts kilted up, a big tray of bananas on her head, a black cigar about seven inches long in her mouth and an umbrella held in her right hand over all.

The streets, or calles, around the plaza have a motley collection of vehicles. Here is a trotting Australian ox harnessed to a native two wheeled cart or fleche with neither seat nor cover. Then comes a procession of dignified looking carabaos hitched to nondescript vehicles, which are nothing more than rude platforms of bamboo on solid wooden wheels with iron tires; they carry good sized loads.

There are all kinds of driving vehicles from a miniature victoria drawn by two tiny horses to the ordinary two wheeled quiles or tartenella with one horse. The horses are all diminutive, smaller by far than the Indian pony, yet larger than a Shetland. A cavalry officer said that they must have come originally from fine stock, having even now many good points.

They are ill tempered little brutes, mostly stallions, and from our standpoint are not well treated.

The harness of many of them is made entirely of Manila rope, even to the lines and blinders, and occasionally these are colored. I saw one that was dyed a brilliant green that would have done credit to March 17.

One has an uncomfortable feeling in driving behind such little beasties; it does not seem quite fair. My first drive was a memorable one.

It was in Manila just after landing. We had three satchels, a bundle of wraps, another of canes and umbrellas, and all of these with two good sized people had to be stowed away in the one seated carromata which was the only vehicle left from a long line of assorted varieties.

I got in first, and after stowing away the impedimenta as well as possible waited for my husband. He lingered awhile, but finally got in and sat in a most gingerly fashion on the extreme edge of the seat. The cochero started up his sorrel rat and X. said in an unhappy tone:

"I'm afraid I'll tip up the whole blanked outfit."

But he did not. And I often feel like apologizing to the horse and driver. When we do drive behind a pair of big American horses or mules the whole outfit seems Brobdignagian in a land of Lilliputians.

The ordinary quiles and tartenella are used like cabs and cruise around the streets, taking you almost any distance for ten cents gold, or sixty cents gold an hour, no matter whether there be one or more. They are a great convenience if one is not too particular as to style.

It is too hot the greater part of the day for people to walk. Between 10 and 5 there are few people on the streets, and the natives carry umbrellas as a rule, the very poor ones protecting the back of the head and neck by a handkerchief or by a cheap hat, occasionally by a big banana leaf. During a heavy rain I have seen people going along comfortable and dry under a big banana leaf like the old picture of Paul and Virginia.

The ordinary unadulterated native wears an undershirt outside of his trousers, which come halfway between his knee and ankle, of any color under the sun, and an overshirt loose and very thin, usually of some native fabric. A pink undershirt, gray, red or blue trousers and a shirt of pale pink or blue or lavender, or a gay striped or figured fabric, with neither shoes nor stockings, is the usual costume. If anything is worn on the feet it is something like a *mule*, with no heel, of woven straw fabric or velveteen of any color, called *chenales*.

The young and middle aged men are rapidly adopting the Caucasion dress, as worn in the East—a blouse with a standing collar of white pique or duck, or gray linen, with trousers usually matching, and a straw sailor hat.

The women are a delicious riot of color in their dressing. The skirts are usually made long and gored, with a circular flounce of the gayest kind of calico or gingham, and a white petticoat always having embroidered flouncing. A white camisa is worn underneath a gay camisa, which is simply a low necked waist with very large elbow sleeves, while over the neck is a panuella or large neckerchief.

These last two garments are so stiffened with rice starch that they stand away from the body. A figured calico skirt of red or yellow or pink or green with panuela and camisa of some thin fabric, either contrasting or harmonizing, on the little brown women makes one think a gorgeous butterfly or a gay tropical flower.

Love Letters Wiped Out Church Debt.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

There was great rejoicing in the New Brooklyn Church in Sicklerville, N. J., yesterday when the last dollar of the debt against the parsonage was paid. The money was raised in a novel manner.

Every female member of the church wrote a letter to all the boys that were her schoolmates in bygone days, no matter where they now lived, soliciting contributions. The men members likewise wrote to their schoolgirl sweethearts of long ago. Many a pleasant correspondence developed, and it is said some of the letters were calculated to revive the spark of affection that was kindled when the writers were youngsters, but as husbands and wives were allowed to read one another's letters not a case of jealousy is recorded.

The money came in so fast that in a short time the entire debt was paid off, and as the contributions are still coming in the parsonage will be brightened by a new coat of paint.